

DELL  
10¢  
MARCH

# Roy Rogers

COMICS





ROY ROBERT COOK, Vol. 1, No. 2, March 1948. Published monthly by Gold Publishing Co., Inc., 607 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. \$1.00 per copy. President, Helen Moore; Vice President, Marguerite Johnson; Secretary. Second class entry applied for at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., on January 20, 1947. Copyright, 1948, by Gold Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission of the copyright owner. The names, opinions, characters, products and services mentioned or portrayed in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons living or dead is intended.

# ROY ROGERS

in

## DEATH WARRANT FOR FIVE



MEET ANDY JOHNSON-- I GLAD TO  
AND MY NAME IS KNOW YOU,  
NANCY KIRKLAND-- ANDY--HEM  
OUR RANCHES ARE ROY ROGERS.  
CLOSE BY--



WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE OB  
RANCH HOUSE-- YOU KNOW UNCLE  
ORIN BLAISE, BY CHANCE?

NO--I'M  
JUST RIDING  
THROUGH--



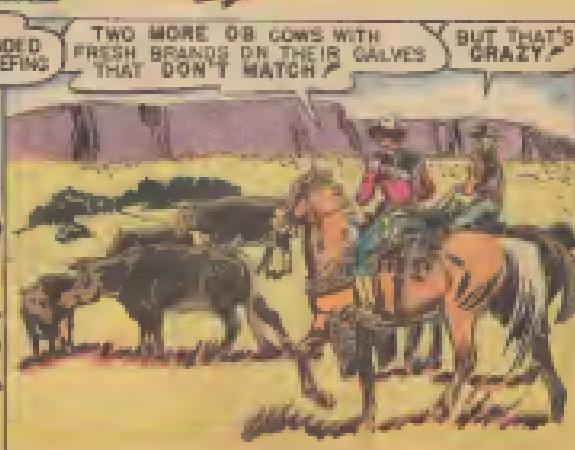
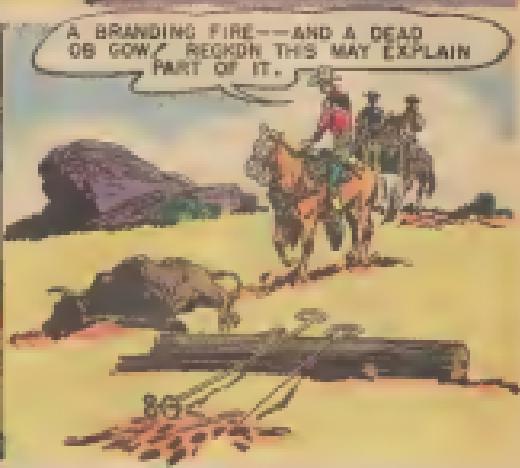
THEY NO  
TIME FOR NANCY  
TO TURN ASIDE--



BUT ROY AND TRIGGER  
REACH HER BEFORE  
SHE CAN FALL--







THOSE CALVES ARE BRANDED  
WITH KIRKLAND AND JOHNSON  
IRON -- MY DAD'S AND MINE'S  
AND WE'RE NOT RUSTLERS!

LET'S STUDY OUT THE SIGN...  
THERE'S A LOT OF TRACKS  
AROUND HERE.



WHAT DOES IT ALL

WELL, AS I FIGURE IT,  
MEAN, ROY?

THERE WERE SIX MEN  
HERE -- AND THREE OF  
'EM WERE HOG-TIED FOR  
ABOUT AN HOUR, RIGHT  
AFTER THE CALVES WERE  
BRANDED....HERE ARE THE  
PIGGING STRINGS.

THREE OF  
THAT WOULD  
BE THE  
ROULETTES,  
I'D SAY.

AND THE THREE  
MEN WHO TIED 'EM  
WOULD BE UNCLE  
GRIN AND YOUR  
DAD AND MINE.  
THEY'RE RIDING  
TOGETHER, TODAY.



YEAH -- BUT WHY  
WOULD THE  
ROULETTES PUT  
ANY BRAND BUT  
THEIR OWN ON  
THOSE CALVES?

TO MAKE IT LOOK  
AS IF OUR DADS  
WERE STEALING.  
TOO STUPID. DON'T  
YOU SEE -- THERE'S  
NOTHING TOO LOW-  
DOWN FOR A  
ROULETTE TO TRY?



NANCY'S IDEA MAKES SENSE... BUT  
WHO ARE THESE ROULETTES, ANYHOW?  
AND WHY DONT YOUR FOLKS TAKE  
THEM TO THE LOCK-UP?

"THAT'S A LONG STORY-- IT GOES BACK TO THE TUKON GOLD RUSH, A WHOLE GENERATION AGO..."



"UNCLE ORIN BLAISE, UNCLE JOHNNY JOHNSON, MY DAD, AND BATISTE ROULETTE ALL HAD MINING CLAIMS ON THE SAME STREAM, AND SHARED THE SAME LOG CABIN."



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY STRUCK RICH 'PAY DIRT' AND MADE SMALL FORTUNES."



"MOM AND UNCLE JOHNNY AND BATISTE ROULETTE SPENT THEIR MONEY IN A HURRY."



"UNCLE ORIN BROUGHT HIS GOLD HOME AND PUT IT INTO CATTLE AND LAND."



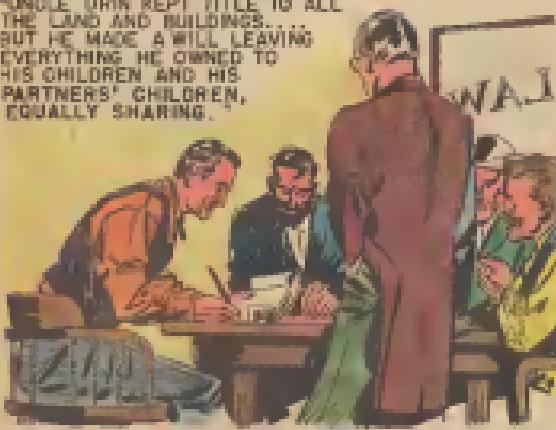
"BUT UNCLE DRIN DIDN'T FORGET HIS OLD PARTNERS... HE SENT A WILL LEAVING EVERYTHING HE OWNED TO HIS CHILDREN AND HIS PARTNERS' CHILDREN, EQUALLY SHARING."



"...AND SET THEM UP IN THE CATTLE BUSINESS, ON THREE SMALL RANCHES NEAR HIS OWN."



"UNCLE DRIN KEPT TITLE TO ALL THE LAND AND BUILDINGS, BUT HE MADE A WILL LEAVING EVERYTHING HE OWNED TO HIS CHILDREN AND HIS PARTNERS' CHILDREN, EQUALLY SHARING."



"UNCLE DRIN NEVER MARRIED, SO HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN... UNCLE JOHNNY AND DAD HAD ONE CHILD EACH -- ANDY AND ME, BUT BATISTE ROULETTE HAS TEN -- ALL BOYS, AND HALF-BREEDS!"



"THAT WAS FRANK AND EMIL WITH HIM TODAY -- THE TWO ELDEST, AND MEANEST."

"UHHH! I SEE UNCLE BLAISE WOULDN'T JAIL HIS OLD PARTNER, BUT HE GAVE HIM A SCARE -- AND MADE HIM KILLING MAD."



"OH, LET'S FORGET ABOUT IT! THIS IS UNCLE DRIN'S BIRTHDAY, AND WE'RE GIVING HIM A SURPRISE PARTY AT THE CB... COME ON!"



THEIR HE IS--WITH  
DAD AND UNCLE  
JOHNNY!

THEN--THE HORRID THUD OF BULLETS  
INTO LIVING FLESH--THE CRACK--  
CRACK-CRAAON--OF A DISTANT RIFLE /

DADDY! OH,  
DADDY!

THEY--  
THEY'RE DEAD,  
NANCY.

NOW IT CAN'T BE/  
THEY WERE--WAVING  
TO US, A MINUTE  
AGO!

BURN, BURN MY OLD WILL.  
WROTE NEW  
ONE TODAY.

YES  
WHAT ABOUT  
BATISTE, MR.  
BLAISE? I'M  
LISTENING.

HE'S GONE, TOO... ALL HE  
SAID WAS, "BURN MY OLD  
WILL, WROTE A NEW ONE  
TODAY, BATISTE..."

THERE / UP ON THAT  
BUTTE--/ LIKE SUN-  
LIGHT ON A TELESCOPE!



AN INJUN COULDN'T  
TRAIL A MAN OVER  
THESE ROCKS.

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WAS  
WALKING WITH HIS BOOTS OFF--  
I FOUND JUST ONE PRINT IN  
THE DUST... A SOCK  
FOOT.

I'D SWEAR IT WAS THE  
ROULETTER-- BUT THEY LIVE  
THE OTHER WAY-- TOWARDS  
TOWN. THEY'D HAVE NEEDED  
WINGS TO GO HOME, GET A  
RIFLE, AND COME BACK  
HERE IN TIME TO DO  
THAT SHOOTING.



NONE OF  
YOU FOLKS  
HAD ANY  
OTHER  
ENEMIES?

NOT ONE, LIVING OR  
DEAD! THOSE  
THREE OLD GENTS  
WERE TOO GOOD--  
MATURED FOR THEIR  
OWN PROFIT.

AND BY THE  
TERMS OF DIN  
BLAISE'S OLD WILL,  
THE ROULETTER  
WOULD BENEFIT  
MOST.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT  
NEW WILL, ROY-- BUT IT  
STILL DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE TO ME.



I'LL RIDE TO  
TOWN WITH YOU  
TO NOTIFY THE  
CORONER AND THE  
SHERIFF... WE CAN  
ASK THEIR LAWYER  
THEN ABOUT  
THE WILL.

THAT'LL BE DOC  
RANLETT... HE'S THE  
SAWBONES AND  
CORONER, JUSTICE  
OF THE PEACE  
AND LAWYER--  
ALL IN ONE.

WE'LL CARRY THEM INDOORS  
NOW-- WITHOUT WAITING TO BRING  
DOC RANLETT, ANDY.

YEAH.  
TOWN IS TEN  
MILES AWAY.



WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS AS IF IT HAD FALLEN OUT OF ORIN BLAISE'S POCKET.

IT DID, I RECKON. IT'S HIS TATTOOING NEEDLE. HE OFTEN CARRIES IT AROUND.



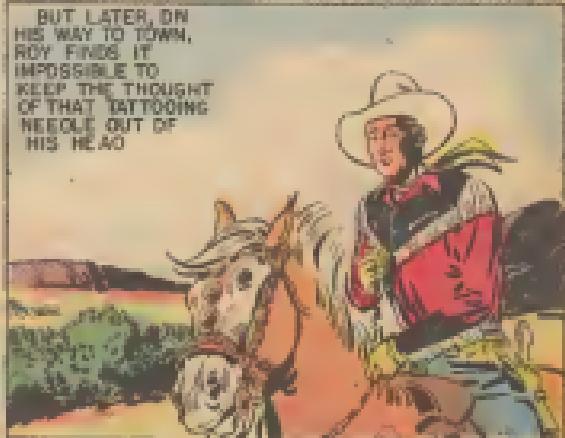
CARRIES A TATTOOING NEEDLE AROUND WITH HIM? WHY?

WELL--YOU SEE, TATTOOING HAS ALWAYS BEEN UNCLE ORIN'S HOBBY. HE'S TATTOOED HIMSELF ALL OVER. HE EVEN TATTOOS THE Q.B. BRAND INSIDE THE EARS OF HIS CALVES, INSTEAD OF NOTCHING THEM.



THAT EXPLAINS IT! CAN'T HAVE ANY CONNECTION WITH HIS BEING SHOT -- THAT I CAN SEE...

BUT LATER, ON HIS WAY TO TOWN, ROY FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP THE THOUGHT OF THAT TATTOOING NEEDLE OUT OF HIS HEAD.



HERE WE ARE, ROY -- AND I RECKON DOD IS HOME. THAT'S HIS HORSE.

COME IN, ANDY -- WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? PLENTY, DOO-



DAD, AND UNCLE JOHNNY  
AND UNCLE DRAIN WERE  
DRY-SULKED THIS AFTERNOON—  
KILLED IN THE  
OB RANCH YARD

NO,  
ANDY, YOU'RE  
NOT—  
STRINGING ME?

I WISH TO  
HEAVEN I WERE  
STRINGING YOU,  
DOC—  
BUT  
IT'S TRUE!

THAT MAKES FOUR.  
ALL FOUR OLD PARTNERS  
DEAD THE SAME  
DAY. BATISTE  
ROULETTE HAS  
JUST DIED OF A  
FRACTURED SKULL.

BATISTE ROULETTE? BUT HE'S  
THE ONE—OH, SHucks! WHAT'S  
THE USE OF TRYING TO FIGURE  
THINGS OUT? IT'S ALL CRAZY—  
LIKE A DREAM!

WAS ROULETTE'S  
DEATH—ACCIDENTAL?  
DOCTOR RANLETT?

EHP? WHY, YES, SO FAR  
AS I COULD TELL  
THE BOYS, FRANK AND  
EMIL SAID HE FELL  
AND HIT HIS HEAD ON  
A ROCK.

FELL—AND HIT HIS HEAD.  
I WONDER, I JUST WONDER,  
IF IT COULD HAVE BEEN  
THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE OB  
WITH YOU NOW, BOYS... LORD/  
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE  
HOLDING INQUEST OVER THREE  
OF MY OLD FRIENDS IN  
ONE DAY!



I FORGOT TO ASK YOU DOCTOR--DO  
ORIN BLAISE HAVE YOU DRAW UP  
A NEW WILL FOR HIM THIS  
MORNING?

A NEW WILL?  
NO! WHY SHOULD  
HE?

HE SAID  
HE DID  
OR, AT  
LEAST--

HIS LAST WORDS WERE:  
"BURN MY OLD WILL...  
WRITING NEW ONE TODAY,  
BATISTE!" AND THEN  
HE PASSED OUT.

WE'LL LOOK FOR THE NEW WILL OUT  
AT THE RANCH... IF ORIN HAD MADE IT  
IN TOWN, HE SURE WOULD HAVE COME  
TO ME, TO DRAW IT  
UP FOR HIM.

NOBODY'S BURNED  
THE OLD WILL, I  
HOPE? IT'S LEGALLY  
HIS LAST WILL AND  
TESTAMENT UNTIL  
A LATER ONE IS  
DISCOVERED.

THAT'S RIGHT,  
DOC, AND I  
RECKON THE  
ROULETTES  
KNOW IT, TOO.

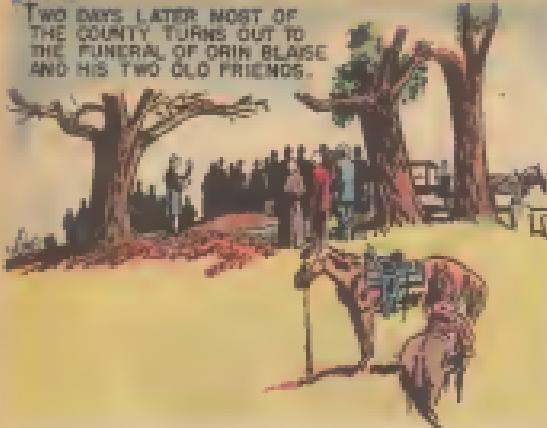
WE HAD TO BRING THEM IN, SURE SURE NOW  
INSIDE, DOCTOR-- BUT  
THAT'S ALL WE DID--

IF YOU'LL JUST  
LEAVE ME ALONE  
FOR A MINUTE...

WELL-- I'VE MADE MY OFFICIAL  
EXAMINATION, FOLKS... AND, BY  
THE WAY, THERE WAS NO SIGN  
OF ANY NEW WILL!



TWO DAYS LATER MOST OF THE COUNTY TURNS OUT TO THE FUNERAL OF ORIN BLAISE AND HIS TWO OLD FRIENDS.



AN HOUR LATER, ROY WATCHES THE ROULETTES AND A FEW NEIGHBORS LAY OLD BATISTE TO REST.



HELLO, ANDY! I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE HOME.

I'VE BEEN TALKING WITH THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR, NORM WHITEFIELD. HE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, TOO, ROY.



GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. WHITEFIELD.

IT'S MUTUAL, ROY. YOU'VE PROVED A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO ANDY JOHNSON AND NANCY KIRKLAND--IN THE FEW HOURS YOU'VE KNOWN THEM.



THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE SHOOTING -- YOU'VE HAD THE WHOLE STORY FROM ANDY

YES -- BUT I'D LIKE TO RIDE UP THERE WITH YOU -- TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU FOUND THE RIFLE SHELLS. SHERIFF'LL COME, TOO.

PERHAPS WE'LL STRIKE A GLUE THIS TRIP THAT ANDY AND I MISSED,

SHERIFF FISON.







YOU'RE RIGHT, ROGERS! I'LL TAKE THIS GUN ALONG AS PART OF THE EVIDENCE, BUT WE'LL SURE HAVE TO SCRATCH FOR SOME MORE...

NAMELY ORIN BLAISE'S NEW BILLS!

WHITEFIELD, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO PLAY MY HUNCH?



I MIGHT, ROGERS-- IF IT SOUNDS REASONABLE.

MOST HUNCHES AREN'T REASONABLE... BUT IF MINE BRINGS ANY RESULTS, IT WILL BRING YOUR MURDERER INTO THE OPEN--



--PROBABLY WITH GUNS SMOKING!



IF YOU GENTS DON'T MIND, I'LL RIDE ON HOME. NANCY AND HER MA ARE STAYING AT OUR HOUSE -- AND NO MAN TO HELP THEM.

OKAY, ANDY.



THAT'S A FIGHT GOOD KID -- AND PLUMM HEELS OVERHEAD IN LOVE WITH NANCY KIRKLAND!

CAN'T BLAME HE'D HAVE HIM FOR COMPETITION THAT SHERIFF! --IF I WERE 10 YEARS YOUNGER



NOW—  
WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN, RODGERY?

FIRST—GET A DORCHER'S  
ORDER TO DIG UP  
BATISTE ROULETTE'S CORPSE.  
THEN WE'LL SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS.



JUST WHAT DO  
YOU EXPECT WE'LL  
FIND, RODGERY? IF  
WE EXHUME  
BATISTE ROULETTE'S  
BODY?

EVIDENCE THAT HE  
WAS MURDERED, OR  
ONE THING, AND MAYBE  
THE ANSWER TO THE  
OTHER THREE KILLINGS  
WILL BE THERE.  
TOO.

DIG UP BATISTE ROULETTE?  
WHEE-EE-EW! THAT'LL BE  
WORSE THAN BUSTING A  
HORNETS' NEST—if I KNOW  
THE ROULETTE TRIBE!



CAN YOU FIND US  
A COUPLE OF MEN  
TO DO THE DIGGING,  
SHERIFF PINSON?

SURE—AFTER  
SUPPER, IT'LL  
BE COOK IN  
HALF AN HOUR.



"AFTER SUPPER," HUMP THAT'LL  
GIVE ME TIME, BLAST THEIR HIDES...  
IF THEY GO UP PA, SOMEBODY  
WILL SURF PLANT  
THEM!"



TWO MINUTES LATER, FRANK ROULETTE'S HORSE LEAPS AWAY UNDER THE BITE OF HEAVY SPURS -- HEADED FOR HOME!



AND AS DARKNESS DEEPENS OVER BITTER FLATS, A GRIM LITTLE PARTY ENTERS THE GRAVEYARD.



DOING IT AFTER DARK WILL DODGE A LOT OF TROUBLE... BY DAYLIGHT SOMEBODY MIGHT GET WORD TO THE ROULETTES. QUICK

ALL THE SAME, GENTS, THINGS COULD HAPPEN

HERE IT COMES... EASY, NOW!



HOLD IT / DON'T ANY OF YOU MOVE TILL WE SET YOUR HARDWARE!







LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF  
GRIN BLAISE. HUMPH! IT GIVES  
BATISTE A LIFE LEASE ONLY OF  
THE RANCH HE NOW OCCUPIES --  
AND LEAVES ALL THE OTHER LAND  
AND BUILDINGS TO  
ANDY JOHNSON AND  
NANCY KIRKLAND,  
SHARING EQUALLY...  
IT'S WITNESSED  
BY JOHN JOHNSON  
AND LEW  
KIRKLAND!



SO THAT WAS YOUR HUNCH, ROGERS?  
I RECKON NONE OF US WOULD HAVE  
GUessed IT. LOOKS LIKE THE  
ROULETTE BOYS  
KILLED AND BURIED  
THEIR FATHER, SO  
THE OLD WILL  
WOULD HOLD GOOD.

WE STILL HAVE  
TO LEARN WHO  
KILLED BLAISE  
AND HIS FRIENDS.



HE'S CONSCIOUS NOW, I THINK... EMIL  
WHO KILLED GRIN BLAISE, LEW  
KIRKLAND AND JOHNNY JOHNSON?



I RECKON THOSE  
ARE THE LAST WORDS  
EMIL ROULETTE  
WILL EVER SPEAK,  
BOYS.

IF WE LEARN ANY  
MORE IT'LL BE  
FROM FRANK. HE'S  
THE ONE WHO  
GOT AWAY.



DOG! DOG  
RANLETT!







AS HIS FEET HIT THE FLOOR,  
ROY'S BODY UNCOILS IN A  
LIGHTNING-FAST PUNCH.

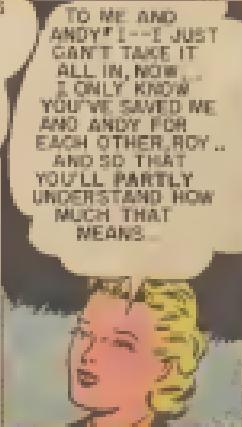


WHAT  
ON EARTH  
MADE FRANK  
ROULETTE  
GO HOG-  
WILD THAT  
WAY?

IT'S QUITE A STORY  
TO MAKE IT SHORT—  
FIVE OF HIS BROTHERS  
DIED TONIGHT, TRYING  
TO KEEP ORIN  
BLAISE'S NEW  
WILL HIDEN.  
THE WILL LEAVES  
EVERYTHING TO  
YOU AND ANDY  
JOHNSON

TO ME AND  
ANDY! I—I JUST  
CAN'T TAKE IT  
ALL IN, NOW...  
I ONLY KNOW  
YOU'VE SAVED ME  
AND ANDY FOR  
EACH OTHER, ROY..  
AND SO THAT  
YOU'LL PARTLY  
UNDERSTAND HOW  
MUCH THAT  
MEANS...

THAT'S HOW COME  
WE FOUND YOU,  
NANCY! DOC HAS  
FIXED UP ANDY'S  
SHOULDER AND RIGHT  
NOW HE'S PROBABLY  
SWEATING TO KEEP  
THE BOY  
QUIET!



THAT KISS TOLD IT  
BITTERER THAN WORDS  
COULD I RECKON.  
LITTLE SISTER,  
RANCH OR NO RANCH,  
ANDY JOHNSON'S THE  
RICHEST MAN I KNOW!



# GREAT LAW MEN OF THE OLD WEST

COPY, 1948 BY OSCAR LEECH

## *The Martyr of Abilene*

Their cook was in the jug, and the camp was wild. With their mouths full of dust and cussing, the cowboys of the trail herd snatched their ropes. On the run-over heels of their buckeroo boots they bow-legged to the rope corral and dabbled their strings on trail-weary coyuses. They were mad. No flea-bitten Kansas town marshal was going to jail THEIR cook and keep their camp hungry. Not on your tinypeel!

Down Texas Street they swept like a living tornado. Yell after yell, shot after shot, ripped upwards into the dusty air. At the log-and-sod jail they skidded to a halt. Cutting a horse or two loose from the nearest hitch-rail, they picked up log, posts and all. With the rail as a battering ram, they drove in the jail door.

In two minutes they were out again—with their colored cook and the town marshal who had jailed him. They were in good humor now. The rights of

the case meant nothing. They had their derky—and the marshal could go jump in the watering trough!

Whooping their triumph, they galloped out of town, guns whanging. This time their targets were some posters—warning that the carrying of firearms within town limits was forbidden!

In the office of Mayor Henry stood a black-haired, blue-eyed young man with strong, likeable features and an Irish smile. His voice was low, clear, and courteous.

"I understand you may be needing a town marshal, Mayor," he said. "I'd like to apply. I'm Tom Smith, marshal of Kit Carson, Colorado."

Mayor Henry returned Smith's clear, friendly look, frowning. He thought he knew men. And Smith didn't appear to be the type of man who could control the human chaos that was Abilene. Tom Smith might get along all right as marshal of the Colorado town, but Abilene was a volcano of vice, murder, and general lawlessness. For marshal it needed a famous killer to terrify the bad men—not a quiet-spoken, friendly fellow like Smith.

"I'll think it over, Smith," said the mayor.

Tom went back to his job in Colorado. And Abilene went from bad to worse. A marshal, however grim his record, lasted in that town less than a week. A pair of them with excellent reputations for bravery, came to look Abilene over—and left on the next train!

Mayor Henry was stumped. In desperation he sent a message to Smith. He had a feeling that Smith didn't





realize how poor an insurance risk a marshal of Abilene would be. So he warned the youth from Colorado to look things over well before deciding.

Smith came, and looked thoroughly. There was no exaggerating the badness of Abilene. It was the wickedest of all the wild frontier towns. Satisfied that he knew the worst, Smith found the mayor and renewed his application.

The first move to make, he suggested, would be to take away everybody's firearms. He believed he could take them away one at a time, without any help.

Mayor Henry stored in unbelief, but finally he swore Thomas J. Smith in as town marshal. So certain was he that Smith would be murdered—one peace officer against a thousand lawless men!—that his conscience bothered him considerably.

Somewhat the fact that Smith was the new marshal had spread already. A notorious bully called Big Hank bore down on him. The conversation between them ran something like this:

"You're the gent who thinks he's running this town now, huh?"

"Why, yes, in a way. I've been appointed marshal—Here's my badge . . . By the way, you know the town ordinance against carrying arms, don't you? I'll have to ask you, sir, to give me your pistol."

While talking, Smith had kept his steady, blue-eyed gaze on Big Hank's face. And he had moved in so close that Hank couldn't draw his gun.

Smith's outstretched hand would have gripped the weapon, with a turn of his wrist.

The bully blustered and swore. He jumped back. But Tom Smith's fist struck even quicker, with all his weight behind it. Big Hank went to sleep. He woke up, disarmed and on his way out of Abilene. He didn't return.

Big Hank's successor was a bad man named Wyoming Frank. Well liquored and armed with two guns, he went hunting for the new marshal. He found Smith walking down the street, quite unarmed. In a gunfighter's crouch, he faced the marshal and defied him to take his weapons. He swore he'd kill any man who tried to.

Marshal Smith said that would be very foolish—because everybody had to obey the law. Again, empty-handed, he pressed close to the would-be killer. Without taking his gaze from the desperado's eyes, he bocked the man into a saloon and knocked him out. Twenty men watched the bad man fall.

There was a moment of awed silence. Then a man pushed forward toward the peace officer, gun in hand. He was the barkeeper, and he held his gun butt to the front, by the barrel.

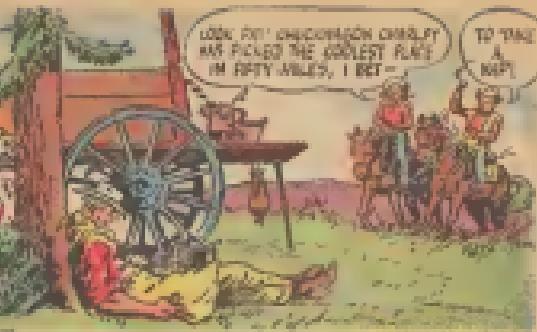
"As long as you are marshal of Abilene," he said, "I won't be needing this."

Every man in the saloon followed the barkeep's lead. From that day on, every store and saloon and public place provided racks for checking their customers' weapons. And in Abilene town men went unarmed. Good men and bad paid tribute to the unselfish, unflinching courage of their fellow citizen, Marshal Tom Smith.

Six months later this much loved and admired young officer met a tragic end, in the line of duty. While helping a friend arrest a murderer, Tom Smith was brutally killed.

But today a monument stands in Abilene, Kansas, to his memory, stating that he "Died a martyr to duty, Nov. 2, 1870—A Fearless Hero of Frontier Days, Who in Cowboy Chaos, Established the Supremacy of Law."

# CHUCK-WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



LET'S MAKE PET, PETE - AND GET  
KIN TO TELL US A STORY.

OKAY - ABOUT RED  
FLAME, THE WILD  
HORSE KING!

HOW YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU MORE  
ABOUT RED FLAME? A STORY - AFTER YOU  
DONE SPOILED MY HUP! OH, HELL-



I DECIDED I BEEN ROBED, AND IT WASN'T A  
INT AN USE TO STRUGGLE! LEAVING SEE -  
I TOLD YOU HOW RED FLAME BURSTED DOWN  
THE WILD HORSE CORRAL AND LED THREE  
HUNDRED FUZZ-BALLS TO FREEDOM!



WHEN THOSE FED, GROWING, BURSTED AT BANJO  
SUG CORRAL, THEY BUSTED BOY'S SPIRIT TOO



NO SMOKE  
RED FLAMED  
WITH ADVICE  
BLAZING, FOR GOOD  
AND ALL - ROMANLY  
ME AND JESSE AND  
THE TAIL WAS GOOD  
BROWN.



WORKING AROUND THE RANCH THAT HENRY  
JIMMY KEPT THINKING OF RED FLAME —  
STILL FREE AND WILD AS THE WIND



WHEN THE HIGH PRAIRIE WINDS SHOULDED THE  
RANCH HOUSE AT NIGHT, JIMMY WOULD HEAR IN  
AND HEAR AGAIN THE THUNDER OF RED FLAME'S  
HOOFBS —



THAT WINTER WAS A HARD ONE FOR THE  
CATTLE CATTLE — MANY DIED, AND MORE  
WERE TOO WEAK TO WAIT FOR SPARING —



WHEN THE SNOW HAD MELTED ENOUGH TO MAKE TRAVELING  
EASY, JIMMY AND OTHER RANCH BOYS WENT NIGHT HUNTING  
FOR STRAYS AND PHEASANTS THAT COULD BE SAVED —



AFTER THEY'D BROUGHT IN ALL THEY COULD FIND —



JIMMY MADE  
LONG TRIPS  
ALONE INTO THE WILD  
HORSE  
COUNTRY —



HE HOPED FOR ANOTHER SIGHT OF RED FLAME,  
THE HORSE NO MAN HAD EVER SEEN —



A LOVE LIKE JIMMY'S FOR RED FLAME HAS A  
STRANGE POWER, SOMETIMES — A POWER TO  
MAKE THINGS HAPPEN! IT WORKED THAT  
WAY WITH JIM! ONE DAY —



- THE KID HAD BEEN ON ONE OF THOSE MATERHOLES THAT THE WILD COWBOYS USE - AND LYING BEHIND IT -



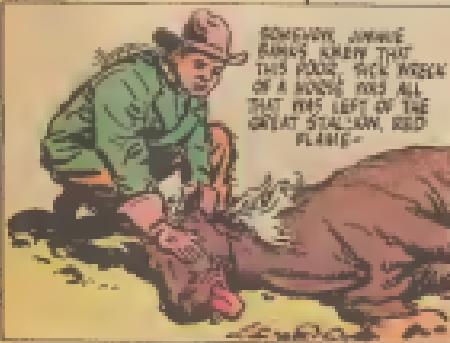
- THIS A BIG, STAGGY LOOKING HORSE WITH A GLOW-RED HIDE AND A WHITE MANE AND TAIL -



THE RODE COWBOY WAS HALF DEAD, BUT HE TRIED TO GET HIS LEGS UNDER HIM -



THEN HIS STRENGTH GAVE OUT - HE ROLLED OVER WITH A GROAN LIKE A MAN IN PAIN WOULD -



SOMEHOW ANNIE JAMES KNEW THAT THIS FOAL, THE SON OF A HORSE WHO ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE GREAT STEALAWAY RED FLAME -



TEARS ROLLED DOWN ANNIE'S CHEEKS - THERE WAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED THAT HE MIGHT SAVE RED FLAME'S LIFE IF HE OPERATED ON THAT BIG SWOLLEN TONGUE -



A CACTUS THORN HAD BECOME IMBEDDED IN THE HORSE'S TONGUE, WHICH HAD SWOLLEN UNTIL BIG AND COULDNT EAT OR DRINK - HAD BEEN THAT WAY FOR MAYBE TWO WEEKS -



AT LAST THE OPERATION WAS OVER - ANNIE JESSED THE ROUND WITH RUMBLE -



ALL NIGHT LONG THE KID CARRIED COLD WATER IN HIS HAT - TO KEEP THE BLOOD POISON IN THAT SORE TONGUE FROM SPREADING -



IN THE MORNING THE BELLING HAT WAS OWN ENOUGH FOR RED FLAMES TO SWALLOW SOME -



JAMIE HAD A COUPLE OF CANS OF CONDENSED MILK IN HIS BLANKET ROLL - HE MIXED IT INTO RED FLAMES' POKING WATER -



BY THE END OF THAT DAY, THE MILK AND WATER HAD GIVEN THE HORSE ENOUGH STRENGTH TO LIFT HIS OWN HEAD -



THAT NIGHT IT TURNED COLD - JAMIE SPREAD HIS SADDLE BLANKET AND HIS OWN BLANKET OVER RED FLAMES' BACK -



- AND LAY CLOSE TO RED'S FLANK SO THEY COULD HELP KEEP EACH OTHER WARM - OTHERWISE BOTH BOY AND HORSE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE CAUGHT PNEUMONIA -



IN THE MORNING EVERYTHING WHO COVERED HIM FROZEN UP TILL NOW, JAMIE HAD BEEN TOO BUSY TO FEEL COLD OR HUNGRY -



